

Good ² Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

"Goggles and Me"

The greatest pals in all London, located specially for "Good Morning" by our hawk-eyed cameraman. Their playground—the great open spaces where Jerry cleared away the bricks and mortar; their private lives—well, wait and see. Meanwhile, take a look at Tony and his tyke with the puzzled frown—the pup that wonders with one end while he wags with the other. He's working out the daily problem—it may be love, liver or lamp-posts, he likes 'em all. Tony will tell you all about "Goggles and Me" in due course.



The Sports-mike moves back to record THE LAST BATTLE OF PEERLESS JIM DRISCOLL

HULLO, everyone, this is John Nelson calling from the National Sporting Club, London. In a few moments, Jim Driscoll, veteran Welsh boxer, will be entering the ring for his much-discussed fight with the young French champion, Charles Ledoux. The match has aroused keen criticism.

Driscoll—Peerless Jim—they still call him, for there never has been another boxer with such devastating style and grace—is coming back to the ring at the age of 40. His reason, so his supporters assert, is to raise money for his old age.

In his time Driscoll has earned thousands from boxing, but he has adopted an orphanage in his home city of Cardiff and has given handsomely to many other charities. Now, he needs to make his own future secure.

His opponent to-night, the young French champion, Charles Ledoux, is twelve years younger than Driscoll, and has already beaten most of our best men at featherweight.

It is ten years since Driscoll gained the unanimous verdict of newspapermen "judges" in his unofficial world's championship fight with the American, Abe Attell, in New York. But his name has certainly lost none of its glamour, and to-night there is a wonderful crowd here to see him.

Ah, here comes Ledoux. You can hear the crowd cheering him. He ducks under the ropes and sits in his corner, with his chief second, Francois Des-

John Nelson, our sports recorder, is taking his microphone back through the years—back to events which have made sporting history.

To-night, Jim Driscoll, greatest of all British boxing champions, is meeting Charles Ledoux, of France, at the National Sporting Club, London. It is October, 20, 1919. Driscoll, after being out of the ring for several years, is trying to come-back at the age of 40. Over, then to John Nelson, at the ringside. . . .

camp, fussing around in attendance.

More cheers . . . yes, they nearly deafened you . . . those cheers, that made this old hall ring like a bell, were for Driscoll. The Welshman is now sitting in the opposite corner to Ledoux, looking unconcerned around him, shuffling his feet every now and then in the resin.

Jim looks a lot older than when I last saw him fight. His hair, once crisp, jet black, is now unmistakably greying. He is toothless, and somehow his whole body seems pinched.

Ledoux, on the other hand, looks fresher, younger, in better trim. He is stockier, altogether more solid, than the Welshman.

The M.C. is introducing the men. You can hear his voice echoing round the hall.

"On my left, Jim Driscoll, from Wales . . . featherweight champion of the world . . . on my right, Charles Ledoux, featherweight champion of France."

"The fight is over 20 rounds." The referee is talking to the boxers now. Now they're back in their corners. The crowd is hushed, expectant. Cigar smoke

hangs like a cloud over the ring. . . . and now the gong. They're off.

Ledoux comes out from his corner like a man possessed. But Driscoll is there to meet him. And first blood goes to Driscoll. His left has caught Ledoux a glancing blow on the chin. Ledoux backs away. Now he's coming in again. Driscoll jerks his head out of danger, and, snap, there's Driscoll's left again, straight to the Frenchman's face.

Once more Ledoux is coming in. Driscoll ducks, and again he lands a telling punch.

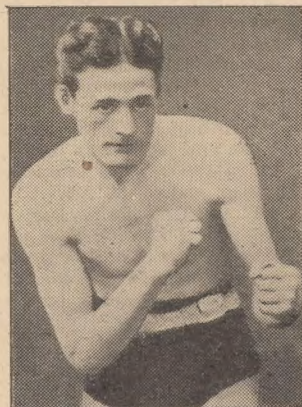
Driscoll may be 40 and a war veteran, but he is still the master of ringcraft; still the supreme artist.

The gong . . . the first round up, and Ledoux has not landed a single punch.

Ledoux is coming out for this second round rather more subdued. He looks puzzled. He tries a left jab. Driscoll dances away. Ah! Driscoll scores again with that beautiful straight left. Ledoux swings another blow. Driscoll sticks out his guard. It's brushed aside . . . but the Welshman ducks and Ledoux hits the air

All the old guile is still there. And Driscoll is as nimble on his feet as a ballet star. The sparkle of youth is coming back to him. . . . The man of 40 is boxing like a boy of 25. Driscoll's round again.

Ledoux is already looking the worse for wear. Driscoll has landed with another left. Ledoux's nose is pouring blood. Driscoll, his arms weaving a ceaseless web of defence, is untouched. He seems fresher every minute. Now Ledoux's right eye is nearly closed. A plum-coloured stain shows where Driscoll's left has just connected. Driscoll's round. Gosh! Will there ever be another boxer like him?



In desperation Ledoux is trying to batter a way through that masterly defence. Driscoll sidesteps and the punch sails harmlessly by. Another left . . . and another . . . and another. All by Driscoll. And there's an ugly smear of blood running from Ledoux's left ear. How this Welshman has made himself into the perfect fighting machine!

Still it goes on . . . Driscoll, Driscoll, Driscoll. The French boy is clutching the ropes now. He seems in a bad way. Surely he cannot last much longer. . . . The gong again. Ledoux must be glad to hear it. . . .

Round 13 is just coming up. Driscoll moves from his corner like a panther stalking its prey. Descamps has worked feverishly to stem the flow of blood from Ledoux's ear and eye, and now the French boy looks sadder, too. But there's still seven rounds to go.

Driscoll is going after his man again. Again that left flashes out. . . . Ooh! Something was wrong with that one! A grating sound, and Jim winced palpably when his fist landed. A bone displaced, perhaps.

There goes Driscoll again. Yes, something IS wrong. An agonising flash of pain shoots through his body as he forces a further blow home. He looks uneasy, and for the moment it seems as if the boy of 25 has become the man of 40 again. . . .

But there goes the gong again and Driscoll is walking back to his corner, apparently quite satisfied. He is not asking for any special attention to this hand during the interval, I

He dreamed adventure and his dreams came true

THOUGH the name of Verne is a household word in whatever part of the world "adventure and extravagant voyage" are mentioned, the discovery of the value of such literature was, in a way, more by accident than design.

Jules Verne had left his home town, Nantes, where he was born in February, 1828, and was studying law in Paris. There he made the acquaintance of a Michel Carré, and together they wrote librettos for two operettas.

notice, so apparently all is well.

Back again in the ring. But I'm positive there is something amiss with Driscoll. He's not using that left now.

The blows rain down. Ledoux is gaining new strength each time . . . and Driscoll's seems to be ebbing away.

It's the end of the round—round 15—and Driscoll is moving slowly back to his corner. There is none of that sprightliness of regained youth now. He seems haggard, and lines of pain are drawn across his face.

His seconds are talking earnestly to him during the interval. Perhaps they want him to retire; perhaps they think that he has already taken too much punishment. But Driscoll is shaking his head.

Out he comes for the sixteenth round. Ledoux is there ready for him. Ledoux is boring in. A right hook has caught Driscoll on the jaw. His left tears into the Welshman's body. Now Peerless Jim is lying there on the ropes in agony. And, fluttering in from his corner, comes the towel.

Ledoux is the winner. . . . Driscoll retired in the sixteenth round. Beaten, but not disgraced. Beaten, not by another boxer, but by the years. . . .

POSTSCRIPT.

Driscoll, it was revealed afterwards, had previously injured his hand in training. That hand went back on him in the thirteenth round—when everyone else in the hall thought he had the fight in his pocket.

He came back into the ring later in the evening, and peers of the realm joined with expugillists in a cheer that shook the building. A cheer for Peerless Jim—the greatest boxer and the gamest loser Britain has ever had.

They opened a subscription list for him, too, and in ten minutes £2,000 had been raised, so that Jim should never have to battle again. Within a short time the total had reached £5,000.

Six years later he was dead—victim of lung trouble which followed pneumonia and a repetition of a stomach illness which had dogged him all his life.

Jim Driscoll—Peerless Jim—the boxer who never quit.

Obviously more interested in the theatre than in law, and being then in his 22nd year, it was only natural that he should continue to find an outlet for his imaginative genius, through the medium of librettos, with the result that his verse comedy, "Les Pailles rompuées," was produced at the Gymnase in 1850.

For some years Verne's interests alternated between the theatre and the Bourse, but a series of traveller's stories for the "Musée des Familles" revealed to him the true direction of his talent—the delineation of delightfully extravagant voyages and adventures, in which he foresaw, with marvellous vision, the achievements of scientific and mechanical inventions of the generation of 1900.

Verne was the real pioneer of that type of literature, "Voyages Imaginaires," and

though at the time, no doubt, many of his stories were branded as fantastic, as the years passed even his seemingly impossible became actual fact, and he had

the satisfaction of seeing the realisation of many of his dreams in his own lifetime.

His stories became to be regarded almost as prophetic, and it was not surprising that in the early 1900's Marshal Lyautey said, "For the last twenty years the advance of the peoples is merely living the novels of Jules Verne."

"Five Weeks in a Balloon," written for Hetzel's Magazin d'Education in 1862, provided Verne's first success, and from then on, for a quarter of a century, scarcely a year passed in which Hetzel did not publish one or more of his amazing stories.

The most successful, "Voyage to the Centre of the Earth" (1864), "From the Earth to the Moon" (1865), "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (1869), "The English at the North Pole" (1870), and "Round the World in 80 Days" (1872), established him in a sphere of his own.

"The novels of Jules Verne are dreams come true, dreams of submarines, aeroplanes, television—they look forward, not backward," says a biographer.

I get around

It is gratifying to see that some fairly extensive plans for Service men and women on leave, and war workers, are being made for the coming summer.

One of the most interesting features should be the interborough soccer and cricket and tennis matches in the parks and on the commons.

I can see no reason why basketball and baseball pitches should not be cultivated, too, in view of the great number of American and Canadian troops in the country. It is in these inter-district tournaments that the Forces on leave should find most fun, particularly, perhaps, in the athletics.

Camping would not, I think, find very wide appeal, but excursions to previously popular spots on the rivers for swimming and picnics might be widely appreciated.

In any case, troops on leave are sure to find, in London and most big towns, plenty of open-air theatres, concerts and bands.

If, when you visit a London restaurant, you do not get a spoon in your saucer, it will

not, in most cases, be negligence on the part of the waitress.

This drastic step has been taken as a result of the loss of thousands of spoons. Many tea-shops now brew two sep-



By RONALD RICHARDS

arate lots of tea and coffee—one with sugar, the other without. In a local pub to-day I had to eat meat without a fork. But I should grumble. I was lucky to get meat! I would take it on the mat if necessary.

When C.P.O. Gould went to the Palace to collect his V.C., he is reported to have said: " . . . Then the King shook hands, and I beat it." Left, we show you where he beat it to. Investitures can be quite thirst-provoking affairs.

Is there any club in London that can equal the Service might of the Nineteenth Club, which re-opened at Burlington-street recently? Three members have been awarded the V.C., one posthumously.

Wing Commander Bader, D.S.O. and D.S.C. and Bar, the legless pilot, now in German hands, is in the members' awards list, which includes 25 Naval D.S.C.s and 20 D.F.C.s.

Mr. Leonard Gullick, the founder, and Mr. G. Roberts, who opened the club twelve years ago, were present at the re-opening.

Periscope Page

Follow the Brains Trust

FORM your own Brains Trust and see how they fare with to-day's question. The B.B.C. Brains Trust couldn't answer this. Could you? "Why do you laugh when someone tickles you, but you don't laugh when you tickle yourself?"

To start you, here are some of the B.B.C. answers:—
G. E. M. Joad: "I answer that question, not because I'm a tickling expert, but because I have often thought about it. It does seem to me extraordinarily difficult to answer. 'Why, when you tickle yourself, don't you laugh?' or, rather more to the point, 'Why, when you tickle yourself, don't you tickle yourself?' Because if some-

QUIZ for today

Here are the Mike names of famous radio stars. Do you know who they are in ordinary life?

1. Mrs. Feather.
2. Mr. Penney.
3. Vagabond Lover.
4. Mr. Murgatroyd and Mr. Winterbottom.
5. Nosmo King.
6. Hubert.
7. Mr. Jetsam.
8. Stainless Stephen.
9. "Hutch."
10. "Funf."
11. Dr. Morelle.
12. Mr. Muddlecombe.

How many did you get right? Compare your answers with those published to-morrow.

Give It a Name

If you can get the right line about the white line you may write the winning title to this picture. Send us the best one your crew can produce.



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous novel

IN the year 1866 the whole maritime population of Europe and America was excited by a mysterious and inexplicable phenomenon—an enormous "something" that ships were often meeting.

It was a long, spindle-shaped, and sometimes phosphorescent object, much larger and more rapid than a whale. On the 20th of July, the steamer *Governor Higginson*, of the Calcutta and Burnach Steam Navigation Company, met this moving mass five miles off the east coast of Australia. Captain Baker thought at first that he was in presence of an unknown reef; he was preparing to take its exact position, when two columns of water, projected by the inexplicable object, went hissing up a hundred and fifty feet into the air.

A similar occurrence happened on the 23rd of July in the same year to the *Columbus*, of the West India and Pacific Steam Navigation Company, in the Pacific Ocean. It was, therefore, evident that this extraordinary creature could transport itself from one place to another with surprising velocity.

These accounts arrived one after another; fresh observations made on board the transatlantic ship *Le Pereire*, the running foul of the monster by the *Etna*, of the Inman line; a report drawn up by the officers of the French frigate *La Normandie*; a very grave statement made by the ship's officers of the Commodore Fitzjames on board the *Lord Clyde*, deeply stirred public opinion.

On the 13th of April, 1867, by a smooth sea and favourable breeze, the Cunard steamer *Scotia* was in 15° 12' long. and 45° 37' lat.

At 4.17 p.m., as the passengers were assembled at dinner in the great saloon, a slight shock was felt on the hull of the *Scotia*, on her quarter a little aft of the paddle.

The *Scotia* had not struck anything, but had been struck by some sharp and penetrating rather than blunt surface. The shock was so slight that no one on board would have been uneasy at it had it not been for the carpenter's watch, who rushed upon deck, calling out—"She is sinking!"

Captain Anderson went down immediately into the hold and found that a leak had sprung in the fifth compartment, and the sea was rushing in rapidly. Such a leak could not be stopped, and the *Scotia*, with her paddles half submerged, was obliged to continue

her voyage. She was then 300 miles from Cape Clear, and after three days' delay, which caused great anxiety in Liverpool, she entered the company's docks.

The engineers then proceeded to examine her in the dry dock, where she had been placed. They could scarcely believe their eyes; at two yards and a half below water-mark was a regular rent in the shape of an isosceles triangle. The perforating instrument that had done the work was of no common stamp, for after having been driven with prodigious force, and piercing an iron plate one and three-eighths of an inch thick, it had been withdrawn by some wonderful retrograde movement.

Such was the last fact, and it again awakened public opinion on the subject. After that all maritime disasters which could not be satisfactorily accounted for were put down to the account of the monster. All the responsibility of the numerous wrecks annually recorded at Lloyd's was laid to the charge of this fantastic animal.

Thanks to the "monster," communication between the two continents became more and more difficult; the public loudly demanded that the seas should be rid of the formidable beast at any price.

At the period when these events were happening I was returning from a scientific expedition in the United States in my quality of Assistant Professor in the Paris Museum of Natural History.

When I arrived at New York the subject was hot. The hypothesis of a floating island or reef, which was supported by incompetent opinion, was quite abandoned, for unless the shoal had a machine in its stomach, how could it change its position with such marvellous rapidity?

There remained, therefore, two possible solutions: one was that the object was a colossal monster; the other that it was a submarine vessel of enormous motive power.

But the hypothesis of a war machine fell before the declaration of different governments. After inquiries made in England, France, Russia, Prussia, Spain, Italy, America, and even Turkey, the theory of a submarine monitor was definitely rejected.

On my arrival at New York, several persons did me the honour of consulting me about the phenomenon in question. I had published in France a quarto work in two volumes, called "The Mysteries of the Great Submarine Grounds." This book made some sensation in the scientific world, and gained me a special reputation in this rather obscure branch of Natural History. The Honourable Pierre Aronnax,

Professor in the Paris Museum, was asked by the *New York Herald* to give his opinion on the matter.

My article was well received, and provoked much discussion amongst the public. It rallied a certain number of partisans. But if some people saw in this nothing but a purely scientific problem to solve,

others more positive, especially in America and England, were of opinion to purge the ocean of this formidable monster, in order to reassure transmarine communications.

Public opinion having declared its verdict, the United States were first in the field, and preparations for an expedition to pursue the narwhal were at once begun in New York. A very fast frigate, the *Abraham Lincoln*, was put in commission, and the arsenals were opened to Captain Farragut, who actively hastened the arming of his frigate.

But, as generally happens, from the moment it was decided to pursue the monster, the monster was not heard of for two months. It seemed as if this unicorn knew about the plots that were being weaved for it.

So when the frigate had been prepared for a long campaign, and furnished with formidable fishing apparatus, they did not know where to send her to. Impatience was increasing with the delay, when on July 2nd it was reported that a steamer of the San Francisco line, from California to Shanghai, had met with the animal three weeks before in the North Pacific Ocean.

The emotion caused by the news was extreme, and twenty-four hours only were granted to Captain Farragut before he sailed. The ship was already victualled and well stocked with coal. The crew were there to a man, and there was nothing to do but to light the fires.

Three hours before the *Abraham Lincoln* left Brooklyn Pier I received the following letter:

"To M. ARONNAX, Professor of the Paris Museum,
"Fifth Avenue Hotel,
"New York.

"SIR, If you would like to join the expedition of the *Abraham Lincoln*, the United States Government will have great pleasure in seeing France represented by you in the enterprise. Captain Farragut has a cabin at your disposition.

"Faithfully yours,
"J. B. HOBSON,
"Secretary of Marine."
Continued to-morrow

How to Write a Song

By HUGH CHARLES

(Composer of "There'll Always be an England.")

IN SEVEN LESSONS:—

YESTERDAY I tried to put you right on the approach to song-writing. I said that if you wanted to produce a popular "hit" song, your first job was to find what your public wanted—to assess their mood. Now let's get down to writing this song.

Here we are, complete with manuscript and a piano. All we need now are ideas. That's all! It is a fallacy that one has inspiration, so far as writing a hit song is concerned. It is definitely 99 per cent. perspiration.

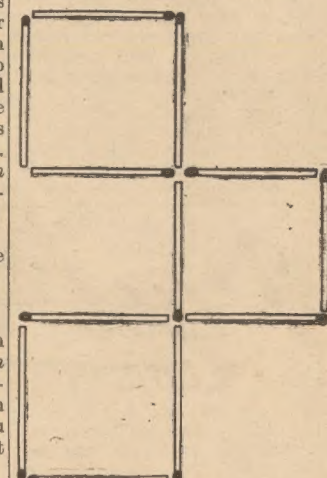
In song-writing, there is one topic or subject on which a writer can never fail—**SENTIMENT**—well written, with a touch of subtlety. The public will always respond to this theme, and that is why perhaps most of the very popular songs have always been sentimental.

Next we come to topicality. In this instance, your first care must be to combine originality and a freshness in your ideas.

There are two more themes on which to base our popular songs—novelty and comedy. Novelty has a close relationship to topicality, but I would like to advise the beginner not to tackle these subjects until you have had a reaction on what you have already offered in the way of sentimental or topical songs.

To-morrow I will try to analyse some of the most successful songs and try to discover the secret of their popularity.

DID YOU DO IT?

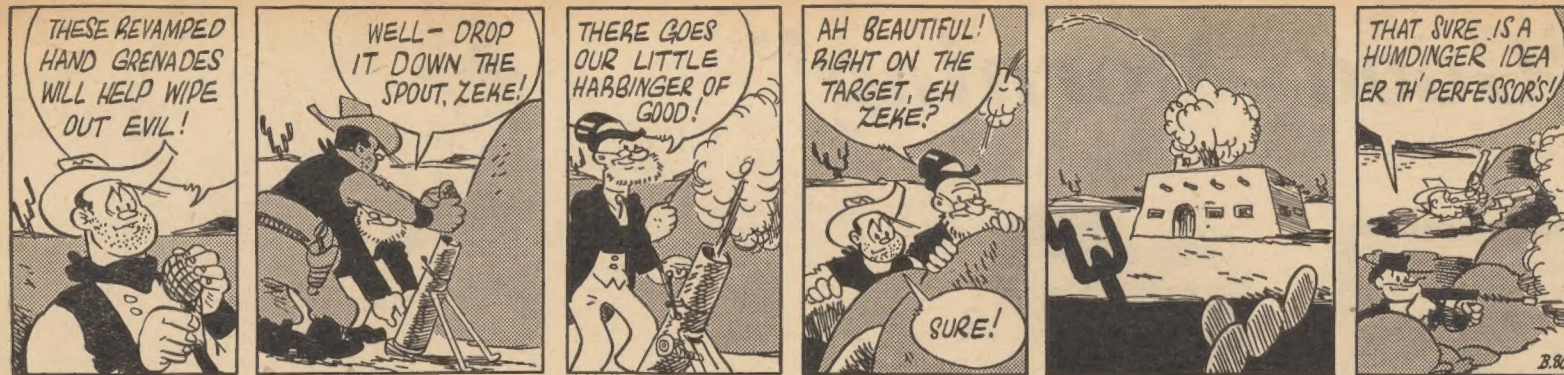


Here is the solution to yesterday's match puzzle. Anybody get it right?

JANE



Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



I620

and all that!

By EDWARD G. SMETTEM

History tells that the first submarine was navigated at a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet—in the River Thames!

That was in 1620. James I sat on the English throne and twelve lusty oarsmen sat in the submarine. They provided the power of propulsion which drove this quaint craft down into the dark depths, where puzzled pike and bewildered bream must have gaped more than usual at the sight of this mysterious monster.

Cornelius van Drebel, a Dutchman in the service of His Majesty, was the inventor—but history fails to tell us whether he was of the crew during the speed and diving trials, or whether he just cycled along the towpath, in the accepted manner and the old school scarf, bellowing his advice through the usual megaphone.

History is further remiss in omitting to hand down a picture of this diving dinghy—or to tell us the exact Thames beauty-spot where these twelve disciples of divinity disported themselves. We would like to think it was near Mortlake, and that the famous Brewery ("Cambridge half a length ahead—Oxford pulling strongly") was erected as a lasting monument to the first men who liked water so much that they submerged themselves in it.

We have had to leave to the imagination of our artist a possible impression of the craft—however impossible it may seem. The fact remains that there was a submarine in 1620, though we are again left in the dark as to what purpose or motive was in the mind of Cornelius van Drebel in designing it. Maybe he just liked to get to the bottom of things—or to explore every avenue, leave no stone unturned, and dig for victory. Anyway, lads, he started something.

In 1620 news must have travelled fast, for it was not a moment later than 1776 when an American guy called David Bushnell, slick on the uptake, launched the first submarine to be used with warlike intent and malice aforethought.

It was called the "Turtle," and it intended to wreck the "Eagle," a British warship lying at anchor outside New York. (Maybe we wanted to move it without paying the last instalment.)

The idea was for this stealthy, low-down vessel to approach the "Eagle" under cover of water, screw a hefty charge of gunpowder to her bottom, and make a get-away while the fuse did the rest. But the "Eagle's" bottom was enclosed in copper panties, and the guy with the screw found the going too tough.

So they just laid the charge alongside and rowed the submarine away (note that they still rowed subs. after 150-odd years to think about it.) Anyhow, the big bang went up without hurting anybody, though the "Eagle's" feathers must have been more than somewhat ruffled.

It is not explained (again, these easy-going historians!) how the worthy rating from the "Turtle" managed to get out under the "Eagle's" keel and try his stuff with the Rawlplug outfit and the screwdriver.

(Continued to-morrow)

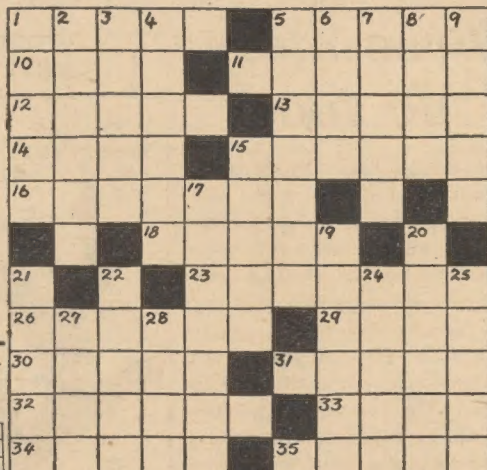
CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Handshake.
- 2 Empty.
- 3 Perfect.
- 4 Bordered.
- 5 Lowered.
- 6 Leave out.
- 7 May.
- 8 Livered servant.
- 9 Horsy noise.
- 10 Musky animal perfume.
- 17 Spaces of time.
- 19 Wavelet.
- 20 Prance.
- 21 Take place.
- 22 Dance.
- 23 Glad song.
- 24 Hires out.
- 27 Trust.
- 28 Told fibs.

Solution to yesterday's problem.

LIFT TREBLE
AROUSE TRAP
VORTEX CITE
INK VAT DEE
S RESIDES
HURON DUSTS
SETTLED C
BUT YAW APE
IRIS CARBON
FENT EYELET
FRAYED PETS



CLUES ACROSS.—1, Salad herb; 5, Tomboys; 10, Vein of ore; 11, Lament; 12, Watchful; 13, Australian wild dog; 14, Clinkers; 15, Sailing boat; 16, Controversial; 18, Kent town; 23, Of healing; 26, Cottage; 29, Prepare; 30, Scotch boy; 31, Overall; 32, Spills; 33, Peers; 34, Musical pipes; 35, Animal skins.

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUIZ

1. Six.
2. The Press.
3. Fermented molasses.
4. The Roman year began in March; therefore, September is the seventh month. And the Latin word for seventh is Septimus.
5. South Africa.
6. The Australian aborigines.
7. "Open Sesame."
8. Henry Irving.
9. "... to soothe the savage breast."
10. Mesopotamia.
11. Maryland.
12. Louis B'riot, French aviator, in 1909.

How many did you get right?

Answer to yesterday's arithmetical puzzle—the Christmas Shopper. — Goose 10s., Duck 7s. 6d., Chicken 5s.

Send us your own ideas for a general knowledge quiz.

HEARD THIS ONE ?

Two young Scots sailors in training in the South of England received news that their father was seriously ill in Glasgow. They decided that one of them should visit him.

"Wire me how he is," said the other, "and don't forget that you can get twelve words on a telegram for ninepence."

Two days later the following arrived: "Father died yesterday funeral Monday Rangers four Celtic five."

The "all clear" had sounded and people were filing from the air raid shelter. "Lot of frightened sheep," scoffed a sceptical young man, "all dashing in there as fast as their legs could carry them. Why, I was in bed when the siren went. I shaved, washed, dressed, and then strolled casually down this shelter." "Is that so," said the bright young thing. "But aren't your legs cold without your trousers?"



"For heaven's sake," wrote the sailor to his wife, "don't send any more of those nagging letters while I'm on convoy. . . I want to fight this bloomin' war in peace."

Fleet Air Arm instructor was telling the recruits just how and when and what to do if a parachute jump seemed the only way out.

Concluding, he said: "And if it doesn't open—well, gentlemen that is what's known as jumping to a conclusion."

Primly, the parson sat in the corner of the railway carriage quietly talking to his wife while the party of sailors exchanged jokes.

The jokes became more and more "blue," and after one of a particularly "naughty" flavour the parson thought the time had come for him to protest.

"Sir," he said, "how dare you tell that story before my wife?"

The sailor looked up. "Lummy, guv'nor," he declared, "ow the heck was I to know she wanted to tell it first?"

**Good
Morning**

All communications to be addressed
to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

BABY BRYANT SAYS "Good Morning"



You can't keep a good sailor from the sea—and Admiral Sir Herbert Meade-Featherstonehaugh is prepared to become potato-peeling skipper's mate of a ferrying crew in order to live a life on the ocean wave. The small vessels have to be delivered, and big men, from retired Admirals to retired stockbrokers, deliver them.

This England



Boy-blacksmith George Darkins, son of the smithy, makes the typical English picture for to-day. His father is short-handed, the land-girl awaits her horse, so young George fits the shoes while Dad makes them.



*and three more
say, "Me too!"*

Four "Good Mornings" for Commander Benjamin Bryant, including a very important one from Jeremy Joseph, who was exactly four and a half months old when our photographer went to the borders of the New Forest to take this picture. Like his father, Jeremy Joseph was born in Dorsetshire—in fact, Mrs. Bryant went specially to Weymouth so that this should be. Little Patricia tried in vain to get the Commander's shore-based canine friend to look at the camera, but he seems much more inclined to dwell upon his small mistress. "Good Morning" hopes to be able to bring to submariners of all ranks, more picture-news of their folks and pets at home, as it becomes possible to locate their whereabouts.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Cat-Quiz . . . why don't horses sit down like this for a manicure"

